

peoples of the right to say anything whatever concerning the holiest interests of nations. So long as the North American Union numbers in its confederation, States where men are publicly sold to the highest bidder, and where, for the sake of miserable greed, children are torn from the arms of their mothers, and woe from the hearts of their husbands, and sold into the hands of some rich planter—so long as in these States the whip is the means of governing a whole unhappy and despised brother race, so long should the "glorious Union" refrain from all ideas of intervention, from all republican propaganda. But let us beware of too vehemently accusing the North American States. They are, after all, but the sons of our European civilization. The exploitation of man by man, the degradation of human beings into chattels, the perversion of religion to the meanest selfish ends—as, for instance, by using it to hinder the humane settlement of the slavery question—all these evils have the young Republic beyond the ocean received from Europe. The Americans have simply developed them under the pressure of circumstances, and with the "go-aheadness" which, in every sphere, is their characteristic, into the last degree of enormity, into absolute slavery.

"We must at last part from Mr. Stowe and her book. We confess that in the whole modern romance literature of Germany, England, and France, we know of no novel to be called equal to this. In comparison with this glowing eloquence, that never fails of its purpose, this wonderful truth to nature, the largeness of these ideas, and the artistic faultlessness of the machinery in this book, George Sand, with her *Spirited and Claude*, appears to us untrue and artificial. Dickens, with his but too faithful pictures from the popular life of London, petty, vulgar, hectic, and self-conscious. It is like a sign of warning from the New World to the Old. Its circulation in America and in Europe is immense; in the popular theatres of London it has already been dramatized. In recent times, a great deal has been said about an intervention of the youthful American Republic in the affairs of Europe. In literature, the symptoms of such an intellectual intervention are already perceptible."

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1852.

### CIRCULAR—BILLS—THE WORK OF RENEWING

We are pleased that our circular, addressed to the friends who have volunteered their services as agents for the *Era* in their several localities, has been favorably received. Responses accompanied by lists of new and renewed subscribers are now daily arriving.

This week, we enclose a general circular, or "Our Annual Letter," to every subscriber, so that no one may complain that we have discontinued his subscription without due notice. We hope it may be read, and answered.

This week we enclose bills to some fifteen hundred subscribers whose terms are about expiring.

### DISTRICT MONEY.

We must again request our friends, when they desire to remit their subscriptions in notes issued in the District of Columbia or Alexandria, to send us only the following:

- Bank of Commerce, Georgetown, Hugh B. Sweeney, Cashier.
- Bank of the Metropolis, Washington, J. W. Maury, President; Richard Smith, Cashier.
- Bank of Washington, Washington; William Ginton, President; Jas. Adams, Cashier.
- Patrons Bank, Washington; G. C. Grammer, President; C. B. Carter, Cashier.
- Exchange Bank, Washington; W. Selden, President; W. C. Restor, Cashier.

### PAY THE POSTAGE AT THE OFFICE OF DELIVERY.

Occasionally a subscriber forwards us two dollars and fifty cents, and requests us to appropriate the fifty cents to the payment of the postage on his paper. We must pray most earnestly to be relieved from this responsibility.

We should have to open a new set of accounts were we to undertake this, and it would cause more trouble than people can imagine. Besides, it is entirely unnecessary. All that the law requires is, that postage be paid in advance; and this may be done, and can better be done, at the office where the subscriber receives his paper. Just hand the postmaster 67 cents in advance, every three months, or 26 cents for the year, and the thing is done.

### STANDING TERMS.

- Single copy, one year - \$2
- Three copies, one year - 5
- Five copies, one year - 8
- Ten copies, one year - 15
- Twenty copies, one year - 25
- Voluntary agents are entitled to retain 50 cents commission on each new yearly, and 25 cents on each new semi-yearly, subscriber, except in the case of clubs. Twenty-five cents is the commission on the renewal of an old subscriber.

A club of three subscribers (one of whom may be an old one) at \$5, will entitle the person making it up to a copy of the *Era* three months; a club of five (two of whom may be old ones) at \$8, to a copy for six months; a club of ten (five of whom may be old ones) at \$15, to a copy for one year.

Money to be forwarded by mail, at our risk. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposit.

It will be seen that the price of the paper, single copy, is still \$2 a year. Agents sometimes allow a subscriber to pay for his paper, or renew, the benefit of their commission, so that the subscriber by their kindness gets his paper for \$1.50 or \$1.75, as the case may be.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

If persons writing for newspapers would take the trouble to keep copies of their communications, they would save themselves and publishers a great deal of vexation. How can an editor be expected to turn aside from his necessary business to answer the repeated calls made upon him for unpublished communications? It is reasonable that he should be required to spend half a day in examining old papers, ransacking pigeon-holes long-forgotten, for a communication which the writer could have copied in fifteen minutes?

A correspondent the other day, sending us a communication, added, "print or burn, as you please, and oblige yours," &c.

We commend this example to every writer for a newspaper.

THE COMMUNICATION OF A. W. TOWNSEND unfortunately failed to reach us in season for insertion in the *Era* before the election.

### "CIRCULATE THE DOCUMENTS."

Although the election is over, the Independent Democratic Association of the District of Columbia feel impelled to disband their organization. The success of the Congressional Democratic candidates at the late election does not satisfy us that the compromise measures are a final settlement of the question of Slavery, and that agitation should cease. The following admirable Speeches can be supplied at the prices named, and orders for them are respectfully solicited.

HON. HORACE MANN'S SPEECH on the Institution of Slavery. Delivered in the House of Representatives, August 17, 1852. Forty-four pages. Price, including postage, \$3 per hundred.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER'S SPEECH on the Fugitive Slave Law. Delivered in the Senate of the United States, August 26, 1852. Thirty-two pages. Price, including postage, \$2.50 per hundred.

HON. N. S. TOWNSEND'S SPEECH on the Present Position of the Democratic Party. Delivered in the House of Representatives, June 23, 1852. Eighty pages. Price 75 cents per hundred, including postage. Address A. M. GANDEW, Secretary, Box 195, Washington City, D. C.

NOVEMBER 8, 1852.

HENRY COUNTY, Ia.—The vote in this county is Hale 456; Scott 1,559; Pierce 1,226.

### POST OFFICE IRREGULARITIES.

We cannot understand why there should be so much complaint at the Cincinnati post office, of the delay of the *Era*, of missing numbers, &c. We have to-day the same clerks we have had for the last six years. We know that the package for Cincinnati is made up and mailed every Tuesday evening, starts from Washington city at six o'clock the next morning (Wednesday), and ought to reach Cincinnati tomorrow.

We have tried, again and again, to discover the cause of this delay. All the routes have been tried, and still we are in the dark. It is too bad—it is not to be tolerated. We shall not rest till we know where the blame lies; and we hope the Cincinnati Postmaster will be kind enough to lend us his aid. The evil, if not corrected soon, will be laid before the Department, for its interposition.

Here is another case, which is but a specimen of a class.

Two years ago, John Castle, of Windsor, Ashtabula county, Ohio, subscribed for the *Era*, and stopped it at the end of the year, because he could not get it in any decent time. A new route having been established between Cleveland and Meadville, by which he could have a mail five days in the week, he again sent for the paper, with another subscriber, with what result he shall say.

"I found soon my hopes disappointed; for by some means I have not got it, as a general thing, till from ten to fifteen days after date; while the *Union*, published in your city, arrives in three or four days after date, to Orwell, through which my paper comes."

Can the Pittsburgh Postmaster explain why this should be? Somebody is in fault, and we shall be thankful to anybody who will enable us to find him.

We give these as specimens of the vexations to which we are subjected by mail mismanagement.

### MR. ALLISON—COALITION—MR. SWISHER.

We are informed by Mr. Hutchinson, of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, that Mr. Swisher, who wrote us a letter asking our views of Mr. Allison, is anything but a friend to the Free Soil cause, and that his object was simply to obtain from us "a secret misal," to be unfairly used against the Free-Soilers.

We suspected something of the kind, but, as Mr. Allison had shown himself in Congress to be true to the cause of Freedom, we could not with a good conscience refuse to say so. At the same time we did what we could to guard against any sinister use of the letter.

Honesty is the best policy. Mr. Swisher has gained nothing by his discreditable conduct. Mr. Hutchinson proceeds to say:

"The Whigs of this county are a strong and imperious majority. Their policy all along has been to treat our organization with contempt, but to debase our ranks by plying inducements with every art, and induce them to go for their men. Mr. White was defeated at election, but surely with the expectation that those who had put him forward, to bear the reproach of such a position, would support him. We know that the editor of the *Era* does not speak officially, but still, when the Whigs went round whispering, in confidence, to every one they hoped to wheedle—'Dr. Bailey has written to a man in this town, that Free-Soilers ought to vote for Allison,' it is easy to see the effect on some of our number. It may appear preposterous to say so, but clearly, if our candidates are to be treated as Mr. White has been, there is an end to our organization; no one would allow the use of his name."

That is true. We did not intend to interfere in the local arrangements of our friends in that district. It would have been sheer impertinence in us. Our sole object was to do an act of justice to Mr. Allison, and we deeply regret that this has been abused by designing men. Nor did we intend our remarks on the policy of coalition as a rebuke to our friends there—for we knew nothing of their peculiar circumstances. What Mr. Hutchinson states furnishes a justification for refusing coalition with the Whigs.

In regard to the general policy of coalitions, we think that, whenever it can be accomplished without a sacrifice of the fundamental principles of the contracting parties, whenever the respective candidates to be voted for are honest and competent men, and whenever there is a reasonable prospect of some substantial good, then it ought to be attempted. But it is a question of degree, and the measure, formally and deliberately, it should not be the act of a convention, in which the Free Democracy is fairly represented, after due deliberation resolve in favor of it, the party should move as a unit, for its action will then probably be conclusive, and it will not lose its identity. If it decide against it, the party then should, as a unit, sustain the decision; otherwise, there is an end to organization. Of course, it is good to be effected by coalition, but in the judgment of individuals, greater than that which is likely to be gained by the permanent organization of the party, let them act in accordance with their judgment. If they do not so judge, no matter how attractive to them may be the immediate object, let them stick to their organization. If any Free Democrat believed that the maintenance of the organization of his party was of more importance to the cause of Freedom than the election of Mr. Allison, then he was bound, after the decision of his associates generally against coalition, not to risk the former by voting for the latter.

We do not undertake to say whether the Free Democratic organization in Mr. Allison's district decided wisely or not, in refusing to support Mr. Allison; it is not our business. But believing, as we do, that the maintenance of such an organization is more important to the cause of Freedom than the election of any man to Congress for two years, we should have stood by the organization had we been in the district. The conditions we suggest, are not of individuals, but of Parties. The irregular support given to other parties by Free Democrats individually, tends to prevent the growth and impair the influence of their own party; but the formal, deliberate coalition, on principle, according to some fixed system, of their party, in a certain county, district, or State, with another party, for special purposes, can have no such tendency. On the contrary, it may tend to promote its growth, its power, and its efficiency.

### VIGILANCE COMMITTEES & UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Our readers are perhaps aware that in certain States of the South there are Vigilance Committees, self-constituted, whose business it is to take care of the orthodoxy of the People on the subject of Slavery. They keep a watch on strangers, inspect new books, look after heretical papers, and in many other ways exercise a general oversight over their fellow-citizens. "Uncle Tom" has given these guardians against heresy any amount of trouble. We learn that in one of the principal cities of the South they at first attempted to get out in spite of them. At last, making a virtue of necessity, they graciously granted

permission to the bookstellers to sell it, and forthwith flaming advertisements heralded its coming. One of the bookstellers remarked, that the people were perfectly unaccountable; for, while they manifested a perfect rage for Uncle Tom's Cabin, they would hardly look at any of the works written to counteract its influence.

### "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

The sales of this work in Great Britain are incredible, and it seems to have given a new impulse to the discussion of the question of Slavery. Our pro-slavery patriots complain of this: "What right have the English to discuss or even consider the subject of Slavery?" The answer is easy: It is a question of Humanity; it concerns not one country, but all countries; not one race, but mankind; not a single right, or one class of rights, but all rights. If Slavery be a legitimate institution here, it is legitimate in Cuba, in Brazil, in India, in Africa. If it be honest and decent in the South for one man to use for his own profit, work for his own benefit, and without wages, another man, it is honest and decent to do the same thing at the North, in England, in France, in Austria, in Russia. If the principle of Despotism is right in America, it is right in Europe, right wherever the heel of Tyranny grinds Humanity in the dust. If the argument for maintaining Slavery in the United States be good, so is the argument for maintaining aristocracy, feudal privileges, unequal laws, governing and subject classes, everywhere. American Slavery is linked with all Oppression, American Liberty with all Freedom. And shall we ask what right have the People of other countries to be concerned about our Slavery? The Democratic masses of Europe must be concerned, because it is upheld by the same instrumentalities and arguments which are used to enforce their degradation; and the Despot is concerned, because every protest against Plantation Slavery is a protest against their prerogative.

But this volume is doing its most potent work in this country. The coarse personal assaults of reckless Pro-Slavery partisans, their vile misrepresentations, their spiteful criticisms, their audacious denials, cannot stop the circulation or weaken the effects of this work. By falsely charging that it depreciates the whites and exalts the blacks, that it exaggerates the evils and conceals the good of the social institutions of the South, and that it is imbued with an envenomed hate against the Southern people, they hope to induce them to reject without reading it, as to make them inaccessible to its gentle, all-powerful teachings. The effort is vain. Hundreds of copies have been eagerly bought by the citizens of this District, and they will testify to its truthfulness. Thousands of copies have been called for in the South, and it is in vain for the Press there to attempt to arrest its circulation. Those who have read it, know that its character is genial and Christian; that its manifest aim is to be candid and truthful; that towards the Southern people it breathes nought but goodwill; that its representations, while they must awaken sympathy for the Slaves, and hostility to the system of Slavery, are not calculated to disparage the white people of the South, to foster hostility against them, to alienate from them the sympathies of the North. The impression made by the work upon the liberal mind is, that Slavery is an inalienable evil, in which the Southern people are so involved by law, education, habit, intellect, prejudice, pride, that, while every legitimate means should be put in requisition for its removal, they are entitled to forbearance, brotherly kindness, charity, though not exempt from a fearful responsibility.

We are glad that, while the pro-slavery press is busy in its work of defamation, there are presses in the South fair-minded and fearless enough to commend the book to the attention of their fellow-citizens. Read the following from the Georgetown (Ky.) *Herald*, one of the long-established papers of that State:

"Uncle Tom's Cabin, by H. B. Stowe.—Good books, like good actions, best explain themselves, and in the work before us the 'good' is quite comprehensive enough to insure its appreciation, but we are so accustomed to the 'horrors of slavery,' we repeatedly have before us such lacerating descriptions of floggings and burnings to death, under its black shadow, that it is necessary to explain that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' consists of no such dreadful details. It is at once a happy statement of the case as regards Slavery, and a gracefully told tale of human life and human hearts, glowing with heavenly colors and full of the force and power which nature and truth impart. The delineation of character is as simple as life, and as true as nature. The 'happy Southern' of New Orleans, of France, and aristocratic English descent, with his generous sympathies and lavish liberality, as well as in the soul-grinding planter whose heart has reached the language of callosity in the exercise of irresponsible power, and no less in the serene but active and practical Quaker matron of the North, than in the languid lady of the Italian latitudes, wearied to paternity by the satiety of wealth, we can trace the varied and complex influences of nature and circumstance. Character, whether in black, delicately discriminated, or in white, the stern integrity and touching piety of the hero, 'Uncle Tom,' claim our sincere respect; the graceful and ingenious quondam interest immediately; the New England lady is a very ideal of respectable old maidhood; and the natural drollery of the negro, however adapted to the comic, is here awakened by the trembling sensibility and angelic nature of the beautiful little Evangeline, and in each and all we recognize real portraits from the great gallery of Nature. There are some most life-like scenes and conversations, and the changes and turns of the letters are managed with an ease and grace which, with the elegance of the style, give the book a charm as a merely literary and artistic performance. We shall merely premise that the tale ends in a stream that detaches extracts must needs lose much of their force and beauty when read apart from the 'before and after.'"

Here is another witness from Missouri—the Jefferson Inquirer, published at Jefferson City, in that State, and a warm supporter of Pierce and King:

"Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Well, like a good portion of the world and the rest of mankind, we have read the book of Mrs. Stowe, bearing the above title.

From numerous statements, newspaper paragraphs, and all that we have seen, we supposed the book to be all fiction and fancy, and we were therefore greatly prejudiced against it. But, on reading it, we cannot refrain from saying that it is a work of more than ordinary moral worth, and is entitled to consideration. We do not regard it as a 'corruption of moral sentiment,' and a gross 'libel on a portion of our people.' The author seems disposed to treat the subject fairly, though in some particular scenes are too highly colored and too strongly drawn from the imagination. The book, however, may lead its readers at a distance to misapprehend some of the general and better features of Southern life as it is, (which, by the way, we as an individual prefer to Northern life) yet it is a perfect mirror of several classes of people 'we have in our mind's eye,' who are not free from all the ills flesh is heir to. It has been feared that the book would result in injury to the slaveholding interests of the country; but we apprehend no such thing, and hesitate not to recommend it to the perusal of our friends, and the public generally.

Mrs. Stowe has exhibited a knowledge of many peculiarities of Southern society, which is really wonderful, when we consider that she is a Northern lady by birth and residence.

We hope, then, before our friends form any harsh opinions of the merits of 'Uncle Tom's

Cabin,' and make up any judgment against us for pronouncing in its favor, (barring some objections to it) that they will give it a careful perusal; and, in so speaking, we may say that we wish to no man in his devotion to Southern rights and interests."

For cents, we have the Washington *Union*, which seems to think a single blast of its declamation enough to extinguish this work of genius:

"The publication in Great Britain of a fictitious representation of American slavery, by a writer who knows about as much of the subject as the social system of the moon, has imparted a fresh impulse to Exeter-Hall philanthropy. The hyperbolic horrors and ridiculous 'Rascals' of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' being taken for Gospel truth and sober realities by the credulous fanatics of Exeter Hall, have kindled a flame of excitement in Great Britain against American slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law."

The cant of politics is not criticism. Had the Editor of the *Union* read Uncle Tom's Cabin, the impertinent epithets of partisan warfare would for once have been forgotten.

Several attempts have been made, by elaborate criticism, and by fictitious narrative to counteract the workings of this extraordinary volume; but generally they are beneath contempt. From this remark we except two publications, now on our table—one, entitled 'The Southern View of Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger; the other, a novel, styled 'The Cabin and Parlor,' by J. Thornton Randolph.

The critique by the Southern Literary Messenger is fluent and plausible, but unfortunately lacks truthfulness. The author's representation of Mrs. Stowe's portrait, when he declares that her whites are constantly depreciated and her blacks as constantly exalted—the former generally being villains, the latter angels—is all false, and the world knows it. We can tell the writer—if it be Mr. Simmes, as we suppose—that Southern character has never appeared to so much advantage under his touch, as in the painting of Mrs. Stowe. When he can point in his own writings to a George Shelby, a St. Clare, an Eva, he may claim that he has done as much justice to the South as this Northern woman.

The *Cabin and the Parlor* is designed to present Slavery under an attractive aspect, and by the aid of a lively fancy, without regard to facts, the author has approximated as near as may be to an unattainable object. The design is certainly a daring one. Think of it—People with flesh in their hearts are to be tricked into the belief that a system which puts men and women and children under the absolute control of a master, to be used by him solely for his own profit—a system which denies education, denies the civil rights of marriage, denies the use of one's own earnings, denies the acquisition of property, denies the freedom of locomotion, repudiates all appeal to the ordinary motives to human action, and substitutes force, with its bloody symbol, the lash, makes intelligent beings subjects of sale, of barter, of inheritance, authorizes and constantly leads to the most heart-rending disruption of families—is one which God sanctions and Humanity must delight in!

Now, if there be two things more opposed to each other in their fundamental elements than Human Nature and Slavery, our philosophy is at fault. The growth of one is the dwarfing of the other; the full development of one is the death of the other. Let a Congress of the wisest men meet, and set to work to devise some system which shall most effectually repress every noble aspiration, check every progressive tendency, generate the profoundest ignorance, reduce the human being nearest to the level of the brute, and what would they do? They would desire that he be *property*, and incapable of holding property; they would place him under the absolute control of another, so as to destroy all self-dependence; they would render him incapable of sustaining the civil relations of father, husband, child; they would compel him to use his activities at the will of another, and for the ends of another; they would deprive him of the means of education, and forbid his instruction; they would cut him off from all opportunity of elevating his position—in one word, they would make him a SLAVE—for that one word defines the extremes of privation and degradation. It is this system which Mrs. Stowe has labored to present to us, in all its natural and necessary barefacedness, and which J. Thornton Randolph would commend to the sympathies of a Christian Republic!

We shall refer to a single passage in the *Cabin and Parlor*, as an illustration of the general manner in which he has executed his task. The father of Isabel, the heroine, suddenly dies. The alarming discovery is made that he is insolvent. His estates must be sold—lands, houses, slaves, all. This is law. So much, the writer admits. But, see how harmless the affair turns out:

"What must the difference be," said Dr. Worthington, with startling energy, "between Isabel and her servants? To her, it is loss of position, fortune, the fair hopes of life, perhaps even health; for she must inevitably break down under the pressure of their labor and privation she will have to undergo. But to them, it is merely a change of masters."

"Yes, for the neighbors won't allow any of the families to be separated."

Of course not. We read of such things in novels, and so I have yet to see a slave in real life, except in rare cases, or where the slave has been guilty of some misdemeanor or crime, for which in the North he would have been imprisoned, perhaps for life."

This picture is intended as a set-off against Mrs. Stowe's representation of the separation of families. We are to believe that, except in rare cases, the planters of a neighborhood where slaves are sold, would step forward and prevent the separation of families, by timely purchase. We confess our indignation at this false representation. Our personal knowledge enables us to give it a flat contradiction. What Mrs. Randolph states as a general rule, is the exception. Planters, had they even the will, would not have the means for such interposition. The every-day advertisements of slave-buyers, and slaves to be sold, in the newspapers of the South, prove that the separation of families is a common occurrence. Here in this District, we know it to be such. There are few colored families among us that have not been thus bereaved. A dozen cases, in which we have been called upon to interpose, haunt our memory. It is outrageous that any man who values his character for truth, should delude himself, or try to delude the world, with the idea that the American slave trade is not a common one, or that it pays any habitual regard to family relations. It will not do for the apologists of Slavery to provoke controversy on this point. Their more prudent policy will be to admit, as intelligently, Southern men generally do admit, the fact, and then try to extenuate the evil, as the Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* attempts to do.

If Mr. Lemmon were ignorant of the law, he is to be pitied for having invested his money in a "property" which is recognized as such only in some of the States of this Union, and in a few semi-civilized countries.

But it would be a still harder case were the laws of New York violated, the sentiments of her citizens outraged, and the rights of eight persons sacrificed, to enable Mr. Lemmon to live upon the unpaid labor of his fellow-beings.

Suppose the tender sensibilities of the *Journal of Commerce* were so far consulted, that the Constitution of the State were set aside, the Southside Democrat, of Petersburg, Va., feels outraged that any citizen of the "Old Dominion" should dream of voting for Hale and Julian. It published, before the election, a brief abstract of the proceedings of the Free Democratic Convention held at Woodstock, and amiably recommended a resort to Lynch Law.

"Now, we are no advocates in general," it says, "of Judge Lynch; but we do most earnestly hope that, if a single sounder dare to cast his vote for this ticket in this State, the citizens of the community will coat him with tar and feathers, and ride him on a rail. Things have come truly to a pretty pass in Virginia, that we are to have an infamous set of knaves in our midst, preaching doctrine such as this."

The *Southside Democrat* is edited by a professed disciple of Thomas Jefferson, one of whose apostolic maxims was, that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated, so long as reason is left free to combat it." The disciple has turned his back on his master, and embraced the Principle of the old Alien and Sedition Laws, which is, that reason being unequal to the contest with error, the appropriate weapon against the latter is Force. Worse, however, than the old Federalists, he would dispense with the decent forms of a Law, deliberately passed, and appeal to unregulated, brute Force.

Now, we submit to our contemporary whether it would not be better to resort to legal enactment against this "set of knaves." He can easily find a pattern in the laws of Virginia and Maryland, in 1862, passed against the Quakers, who, "contrary to the law, do daily gather together with their unlawful assemblies and congregations of people, teaching and publishing lies, miracles, false visions, prophecies, and doctrine, condemning and thereby attempting to destroy religious laws, communities, and all bonds of civil society." The Quakers were the "knives" of those days, or a "cursed set of heretics," as they were styled by the Massachusetts General Court. Perhaps the enactments of the old Puritans would suit better our well-disposed contemporary. They enacted that the Quaker should be arrested, be delivered to the constable, be stripped naked, and be immediately conveyed to the constable of the next town towards the borders of our jurisdiction, and so from constable to constable, to any the outermost town, and so be whipped over the border." This course of treatment was to be repeated whenever he returned, until the fourth time, when he was to be hung!

In view of these humane examples of what may be done by law, we hope our contemporary will recall his suggestion about Lynch Law. Let everything be done decently and in order, after the old "Federal" or "Blue Light" pattern. If you are going to tie a citizen of Virginia to a cart's tail, and whip him over the border, and finally hang him, for exercising his rights as a freeman, for decency's sake do it according to Law.

As to the effects of the intolerance manifested by the *Southside Democrat*, let the Past instruct us. "A new law of Massachusetts," says Hildreth, "imposing fines on all who attended Quaker meetings, or spoke at them, did but increase the disposition to speak and hear. In spite of whippings, brandings, and cropping of ears, the banished Quakers persisted in returning. They flocked indeed to Massachusetts, and especially to Boston, as to places possessed with the spirit of intolerance, and therefore the more in need of their presence and preaching."

### SHALL NEW YORK BE A SLAVE-MART?

Week before last, a man named Lemmon, of Virginia, being in New York city, with eight slaves, was brought before Judge Payne on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and required to show cause for their detention. According to a statement in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, he and his wife, with their eight slaves, went to New York, for the purpose of embarking for Texas.

That journal, with its accustomed loyalty to slaveholding interests, endeavored to excite sympathy for the holder of the slaves. He was a very worthy man—he had been evidently struggling with poverty—his wife was a gentlewoman—she loved her slaves—she was indignant at their seizure—she appealed to them, most eloquently, and they wept at the idea of being torn by the cruel Abolitionists from such a mistress—the worthy couple had never dreamed that what by industry they had acquired in one State could be taken from them in another—poor creatures! If these eight slaves should be taken from them, they would lose their all—and Mr. Lemmon cried!

Such was the mournful representation of the *Journal of Commerce*. It seemed to think that of the ten persons concerned, only two were entitled to any consideration; and it evidently forgot, in the excess of its tenderness for Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon, that the People of New York had a Constitution to maintain, and rights to be protected.

The case was a very plain one. Mr. Lemmon knew that Slavery cannot exist in New York—that slaves carried into a free State by the will of their masters, become free—that the Constitution of the United States guards the right of the master only to fugitive slaves. In full view of these facts, he carried his slaves to New York; he acted upon his own responsibility; he knew the consequences. What right had he to defy the laws of the State, and expect immunity?

The decision of the Court has not yet been rendered, but of course it will be, against the claimant. Judge Payne must look to the Constitution of his State, and not to the "Higher Law" sympathies of a pro-slavery press. The colored persons are not *escaping* slaves, but slaves brought by their master into a free State, whose Constitution and laws prohibit Slavery; Judge Payne cannot establish what the Constitution forbids.

If Mr. Lemmon were ignorant of the law, he is to be pitied for having invested his money in a "property" which is recognized as such only in some of the States of this Union, and in a few semi-civilized countries.

But it would be a still harder case were the laws of New York violated, the sentiments of her citizens outraged, and the rights of eight persons sacrificed, to enable Mr. Lemmon to live upon the unpaid labor of his fellow-beings.

Suppose the tender sensibilities of the *Journal of Commerce* were so far consulted, that the Constitution of the State were set aside, the Southside Democrat, of Petersburg, Va., feels outraged that any citizen of the "Old Dominion" should dream of voting for Hale and Julian. It published, before the election, a brief abstract of the proceedings of the Free Democratic Convention held at Woodstock, and amiably recommended a resort to Lynch Law.

"Now, we are no advocates in general," it says, "of Judge Lynch; but we do most earnestly hope that, if a single sounder dare to cast his vote for this ticket in this State, the citizens of the community will coat him with tar and feathers, and ride him on a rail. Things have come truly to a pretty pass in Virginia, that we are to have an infamous set of knaves in our midst, preaching doctrine such as this."

The *Southside Democrat* is edited by a professed disciple of Thomas Jefferson, one of whose apostolic maxims was, that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated, so long as reason is left free to combat it." The disciple has turned his back on his master, and embraced the Principle of the old Alien and Sedition Laws, which is, that reason being unequal to the contest with error, the appropriate weapon against the latter is Force. Worse, however, than the old Federalists, he would dispense with the decent forms of a Law, deliberately passed, and appeal to unregulated, brute Force.

Now, we submit to our contemporary whether it would not be better to resort to legal enactment against this "set of knaves." He can easily find a pattern in the laws of Virginia and Maryland, in 1862, passed against the Quakers, who, "contrary to the law, do daily gather together with their unlawful assemblies and congregations of people, teaching and publishing lies, miracles, false visions, prophecies, and doctrine, condemning and thereby attempting to destroy religious laws, communities, and all bonds of civil society." The Quakers were the "knives" of those days, or a "cursed set of heretics," as they were styled by the Massachusetts General Court. Perhaps the enactments of the old Puritans would suit better our well-disposed contemporary. They enacted that the Quaker should be arrested, be delivered to the constable, be stripped naked, and be immediately conveyed to the constable of the next town towards the borders of our jurisdiction, and so from constable to constable, to any the outermost town, and so be whipped over the border." This course of treatment was to be repeated whenever he returned, until the fourth time, when he was to be hung!

and slaveholders allowed to carry their slaves to New York for the purpose of convenient shipment, that city would soon become a great mart for slaves, as well as cotton. And we suppose that this is the real desire of the *Journal of Commerce*, which cares nothing about the materials of trade, so long as substantial profits may be "realized." Were its views conclusive with the Court, we doubt not that the merchants of New York would be soon favored with the prices current of men, women, and children in the New York market.

Since the foregoing was written, Judge Payne has rendered his decision, discharging the colored persons as free. The opinion was given last Saturday. We shall publish it next week.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; or, The Foster Sister. A Novel. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

Our readers are so well acquainted with Mrs. Southworth's style of writing, that it would be superfluous to characterize it. The book before us is a story of much interest—a tale of pride, passion, and crime, out of the depths of which she brings her principal characters, a little more easily than quick acorns with our ideas of poetic or any other sort of justice. We fear, too, that unreflecting readers may make unsafe inferences from the denouement of the plot.

The heroine contracts a secret marriage with an English lord, goes with him to Europe, and is discarded by him in France, not very long after their marriage. Stung to the quick, by his neglect, she returns to America, goes upon the stage, and makes a brilliant debut. The husband also returns to America, and makes love to the foster sister of his wife, and their marriage is decided upon. Meanwhile the actress wife is plotting with her Italian admirer, whom she hates, but promises to marry if he will assassinate her faithless husband. The plot fails. The murderer at heart is horrified, stricken, and crushed by remorse; for she finds too late that while she is plotting the death of her husband, she still loves him.

The husband, who has almost miraculously escaped the knife of the assassin, by a most fortunate coincidence, gains at once the knowledge that his young lady-love is passionately devoted to another, and that his wife, who was poor, and whose parentage was involved in mystery, has been acknowledged as the daughter and heir of one of the oldest and richest families in the land. With so many aids in rekindling his ardor, it is any wonder that he falls desperately in love with his dearest wife, who is only too happy that he is not dead, as she had designed. Of course, they make up, and live to a good old age, more happy and respectable than we had conceived it possible such people could be under the Old Virginia regime.

This is another of Mrs. Southworth's recent productions. Few of her stories have afforded us more pleasure in their perusal. It is a simple narrative of domestic life in the South; yet embodying quite as much incident as we usually find in half a dozen novels of the same size, by writers of less fertile invention. There is no room for anything else; occasional description excepted, there is nothing in the book but incident. She does not moralize or philosophize, but leaves all that to the reader—apparently having as much as she possibly can do to manage the incidents with which her story is furnished. Notwithstanding this profusion, there is no intricacy—events succeed each other as naturally and inevitably as cause and effect, and the morale of the book is unexceptionable. These stories of domestic life in the South have for us a peculiar charm. There is much in Southern life that is purely original, and interwoven as it is with "the peculiar institution," it has also a peculiar attraction for us. By the way, we commend Mrs. Southworth's sample of what is called in the South, negro talk, to all who would form a correct idea of their peculiar idiom; she is a truthful exponent of that new phase of our literature.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. October, 1852. Taylor & Maury, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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